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The Painted Killer.

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Chapter 1 by Skeld

Under the bridge, at least, he was safe from the downpour. Typical English weather. The man was lying in a pool of blood. His jaw was battered and only a thin trail of blood was streaming down his chin. Or what was left of it anyway. Next to him, Old Father Thames swam along carelessly. The monsoon had just begun so the river was not flooded yet. The man was lying on the dry pebbles under Newbridge. A few more days and he would have washed off if not for the boys who came here to fish had not seen him. It so happens that the boys were my neighbors and reported what they had seen immediately. So, here we were with my team. Private Detectives Sean and Owen Tyndall, with my trusty companions, Dr. Mitchell and Prof. Rani.

The man was about 28. He was barely conscious in spite of his condition. He was mumbling something that we could not decipher.

Jutting from his chest was a trident. It was a peculiar trident unlike what Neptune holds. The middle blade was straight but, the blades on the flanks were S-shaped. Luckily, it was not thrust very deeply. But what caused the massive blood loss was the cut on his belly. That cut was very deep. As we were inspecting the deep cut on his belly, one of the boys who followed us here

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I was next to the body when I heard a noise.

I got hold the possible murderer.

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I am escaped.

"What. You recognize the weapon?" Owen asked.

"It's an Indian sword called Churika. It's a double-edged short sword used in Kalaripayattu. I thought I recognized the Trident too."

"Kalari what???" I asked.

"It's a form of martial art in India. Nevermind the name, we found a killer that might be native to India."

"Like you" I said.

"Yep." She said.

Just then, Owen grabbed my shoulder. "Look" He pointed to the top.

It was my turn to gasp. Written on the roof were the words-

"HOPE YOU LIKE MY HANDIWORK, SEAN TYNDALL.SIGNED RACONTEUR".

Next to that was a crudely drawn portrait. It had a green face with a towering crown. On his cheeks were two white semi-discs with a mouth painted red. "You know that?" I asked Rani.

"YEP. You know that Greeks wore masks during their plays, right. Well, in India we paint our faces like that to reenact our old mythical tales. This portrait is textbook Kathakali or "Story play".

"Alright. Well this guy seems to know me".

Later, we called in the coppers and reported the incident.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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